

# JUDGE Cosmopolitan

Number

May 19, 1928

Price 15 Cents



Beginning—  
“NOAH”

A Biography by  
Emil Hoodwink

Your favorite gasoline  
**+ ETHYL =**  
 Elimination of "knock"  
 More Power  
 Quicker Pick-up  
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# Cosmopolitan

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Presentation of "Hamlet"*



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**PICKPOCKET SCHOOL**  
ENROLL NOW!

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Egg-on-Toast, New York



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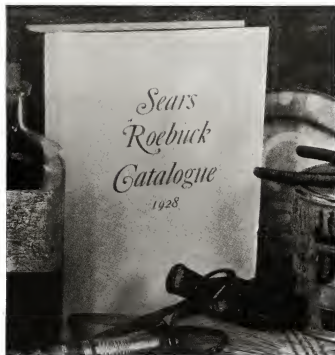
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JUDGE, Volume 94, No. 2429, May 19, 1928. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post Office at New York City, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., \$5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly by Judge Publishing Co., Inc., 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., and copyrighted 1928, by it in the U. S. and Great Britain; Fred L. Rogan, President; Norman Anthony, Vice-President; Joseph T. Conroy, Secretary; 627 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.





# What is the Next Book?

The Tome-of-the-Month Club has selected *The Sears-Roebuck Catalogue* as the outstanding literary work of the month!

After reading three hundred and sixty-five volumes, including "Who's Who," "Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary," "Birdsall's Seed Catalogue," and "Only a Boy," our extinguished Selection Committee have decided that *you* should read this book.

You are not compelled willy-nilly, or upsie-daddy, to accept this selection and if it doesn't appeal to you, Judge Jr. will be only too glad to send you his wonderful little book of drink recipes, "Here's How!" upon receipt of a dollar.

## *Five Reasons Why You Should Belong to the Tome-of-the-Month Club*

1. You haven't the brains to pick out your own book. Let us do it.
2. Our books, bound in special Tome-of-the-Month Club bindings, will stamp you immediately as a cultivated sheep.
3. You will be the first in your community to be able to say, "Yes, the Tome-of-the-Month Club told me to read that book."
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## *The Selecting Committee of the Tome-of-the-Month Club*



Christopher  
Whimsy



Joseph  
Wooden  
Crutches



Henry  
Seidle  
Beer



Heywood  
Bruin



William  
Allen  
Black

MAY 19,  
1928

Judge's Burlesque  
of the  
**Cosmopolitan**

NORMAN ANTHONY,  
*Editor*



# New York Is a Hick Town!

## By O. O. Rubbertyre

I used to believe it when I read all this stuff about New York. About what a terrible town it was. What a sink of iniquity and all that sort of stuff.

Friends used to come back to Frog Hollow, after a visit to the big city, and go around with hushed whispers, saying, "Gosh, what a town! How do they ever stand the pace!" and that sort of thing. They didn't see beneath the surface as I did when I came down for a visit.

Why, there are more hicks in New York City than there are in Frog Hollow. One day I was walking down Broadway. A crowd had gathered at a corner. I pushed my way through, wondering what all the excitement was about. What do you think they were all gaping at? A guy was holding up a cop! At another corner there was another curious crowd watching something. What do you think it was? Some fellow was selling bottles of Scotch for five dollars a bottle! And it wasn't even real stuff! I know, because I bought a bottle!

And this idea that New Yorkers lead fast lives and spend money like water. Bunk! Most of them are in bed every night at ten o'clock! I know, because I called on some people and the maid told me they were out!

I went into Texas Guinan's famous night club. Ginger ale was only a quarter a bottle and sandwiches

fifteen cents. The waiter said they didn't even sell liquor! And they made me get out at ten o'clock because they were closing up! My bill was \$3.75 and the waiter wouldn't accept the ten cent tip!

I've heard people say that they paid as high as fifteen dollars apiece for theatre tickets! That you couldn't get seats in front of the tenth row for love or money. I went to a show and they wouldn't take a cent for the ticket at the box office! And I sat in the third row. It was a darn good show too. It was called "The Ladder."

I didn't see one drunk while I was in the big city! There were a lot of fellows lying around in gutters and on the sidewalks, but they were just sleeping! Some one told me that New York was honeycombed with speakeasies and saloons! Bunk! I didn't see one!

I had heard a great deal about how New Yorkers hustled. Bunk! The parks were filled with gentlemen taking life easy!

New York is just a big bluff! The folks there are just the same as the folks in Frog Hollow. They wear the same clothes, say the same things and lead the same lives. They just try to make you think they're different. That's all. They're bluffers!

Why, when I was down there a fellow tried to sell me Brooklyn Bridge! It never fazed me. I told him I knew darn well that it wasn't for sale; because I had walked across it and there wasn't a sign on it!

# DRAWN by CHARLES



"Age Cannot Wither Her. Nor



# DANA MACHAMER



Custom Stale Her Infinite Variety"

By *ADELA*

PUPPETS  
of  
PASSION

*A  
Throbbing  
Story of  
Youth's Hot  
Revolt Against  
the Conventions*



I  
**D**AWN GINSBERGH lay in her enormous sixteenth-century four-poster bed and played tag with her blood pressure.  
Oh, it was so good to be alive on this glorious May morning instead of being dead or some-

thing. Dawn, you must know, was very fond of being alive. In fact, as she used to remark to Nicky Nussbaum, the most devoted of her lovers:

"I would rather be alive than be Alderman."

Such was Dawn Ginsbergh, impetuous dashing Dawn

# ST. JUNK



Illustration by  
James Trembath

## Broadway Pastoral

*"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"*  
*"I'm going a-gold-digging, sir," she said.*  
*"Then I can't wed you, my pretty maid."*  
*"That'll cost you \$50,000, sir," she said.*

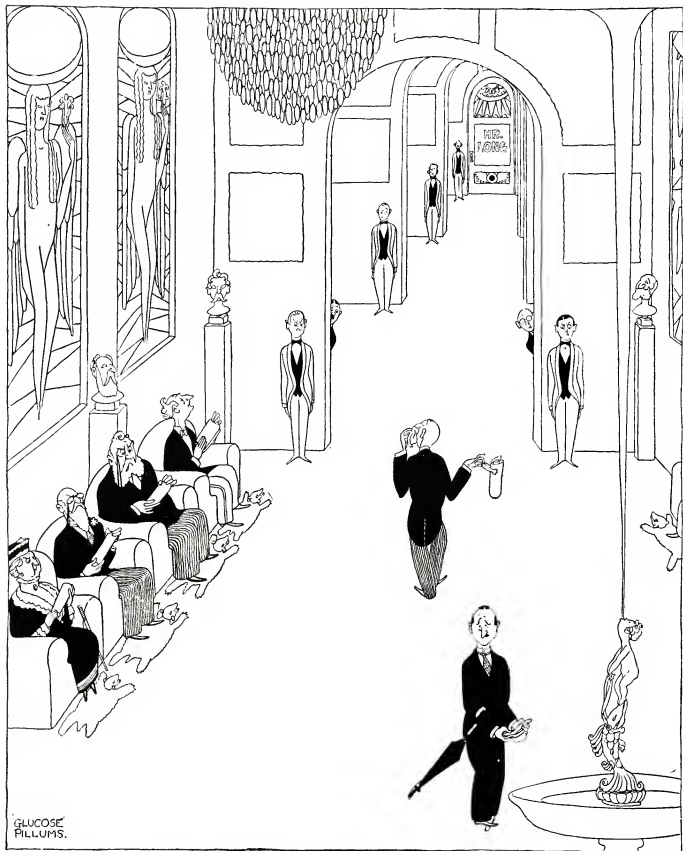
of the flame-taunted hair and scarlet lips bee-stung like violet pools and so on at ten cents a word for a page and a half.

With a lazy hand composed of five tapering manicured fingers Dawn reached over to a small table by her

bed and picked up a dainty chiffon handkerchief. She folded it several times and tied it securely around her eyes. Then she groped about and lit several cigarettes, inhaling long breaths of smoke. Ah, there it was, sure

(Continued on page 28)

# STUDIES -:- By GLUCOSE PILLUMS



An Unknown Author Submits a *Manuscript* to the Cosmopolitan



# My Favorite Short Story

## By Irvin S. Kobb

**F**RIENDS, the Editor of this magazine has offered me twenty-five cents a word to write my favorite story and, not wanting to take advantage of him, and use up a lot of two-bit words on a long introduction, I'm going to start right off without one.

About five years ago out in Walla Walla, Washington, a man named Henry Lewis St. James Timothy Jackson, whom we will call for short, Henry Lewis St. James Timothy Jackson, was running a blacksmith shop with the aid of a helper named Charlie Schwab. Well, one day, Henry Lewis St. James Timothy Jackson was heating up a piece of iron to make a bolt for the door when Charlie, who was looking out the door, said to Henry Lewis St. James Timothy Jackson, "Mr. Jackson," he said, "Mr. Jackson, I wouldn't be at all surprised if it was going to rain pretty soon." "Well, well, well, well, well, well, well, well," replied his boss, "perhaps you're right, Charlie, perhaps you're right. Yes, perhaps you're right, but here is this hunk of iron all heated up, so get busy and hit it a couple of licks." So Charlie picked up his sledge and began socking away at the anvil. Clankety clank, clankety clank, clankety clank, clankety clank, clankety clank, clankety clank, clankety clank, until the bolt was all finished and ready to be smoothed off and threaded.

Well, to make the story short, when the five o'clock

whistle blew Charlie got his hat and stick and was going out the back door when old Henry Lewis St. James Timothy Jackson called him back. "By the way, Charlie," he said, "I've got a question to ask you and I don't just know how to start. I know that perhaps it isn't any of my business, but just the same, Charlie, I've always looked on you as a kind of son and I hope you will give me a truthful answer without any hard feelings. Now, Charlie, what I want to ask you is this. And, Charlie, I want you to tell me just as frankly as you know how who that good-looking lady in the green hat was that I saw with at the movies last night."

"Well, Mr. Jackson," replied Charlie, "I'll tell you just how I feel about it. I feel that that's a fair question and that it deserves a fair answer. So I am going to play square with you and tell you all about it. Yes, sir, I certainly will. I certainly will, Mr. Jackson. Yes, sir, I certainly will. But before I do, I want you to know that I have sort of come to regard you as a father and that's the reason I am going to tell you what you want to know. Mr. Jackson, here's my answer. Frank and earnest and with no hard feelings. No, sir, no hard feelings at all. Mr. Jackson, that wasn't any lady you saw me with last night. No, sir, no, sir, Mr. Jackson, she wasn't a lady at all, at all, at all, at all, at all, at all. Mr. Jackson, that was my wife!"



# By EMIL

## NOAH

### A Biography

*Illustrated by*  
James Trembath



FOURTH CLUBMAN—So you've sworn off drinking?

#### I.

"**W**HERE is my umbrella?" cries Noah angrily. Noah is angry. He has become a patriarch. He is getting dressed in his patriarch's costume. He cannot find his umbrella. He is very angry.

"I cannot find my umbrella," he asks. "I cannot find him. I am angry. I am getting dressed. It is going to rain."

Fraulein Noah, Noah's wife, is also angry and getting dressed. She is in another room. In fact, she is in Egypt. But she hears Noah. Everybody hears him. He is the patriarch. He talks too loud.

The fraulein looks over her shoulder proudly. "Rain?" she yells. "I'm laughing to you. Not a cloud in the sky—and you talk of rain yet. Pipe down," says the beautiful fraulein.

Everybody is laughing at Noah. "Old Man Noah," the children call him. He is building a boat. All by himself in his apartment he is building an enormous boat.

"Build boats," exhorts old man Noah, the patriarch. "Everybody build boats. It's going to rain."

"Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa," scream the children. "Rain—what a chance." But Noah goes on hammering and mumbling in his beard. Soon the children tire of the cruel sport. "Stop baiting the old codger," says one, a leader among his fellows. "Bait something else."

"I'll bait you to yonder post," challenges Shamus, the son of O'Neill the son of Shabbah. And the children run off.

#### II.

Everybody has deserted Noah. Some have abandoned him. Others have left him. There is no one around.

# HOODWINK



EIGHTH CLUBMAN—Yes, I'm doing it for the wife and kidneys!

"I am alone," opines Noah. All the people near him agree.

Noah is feeling pretty good. He begins to sing. "Sas ein fischer auf zen bank," sings Noah. "Wolte fischlein fangen." Nobody likes the song, not even Noah, so he sings another. "The animals came in two by two, there's one wide river to cross," sings Noah. This number goes over big.

"The elephant and the kangaroo," sings Noah, beating time with his feet. The animals begin arriving, and join in the song. They think Noah is a good guy.

The enormous boat is finished. Mechanics are tuning it up preparatory to the hop-off. All the animals get in. Noah takes his place at the controls. It begins to rain, but they start just the same.

It rains for a long time. Finally it stops. All the animals come out on deck. There is a cat named Ab-salom who stutters. He is the first to site the New

World. "I smell Ararat," he says. He is the only one drowned on the trip.

### III.

In a suite of rooms in a big hotel a man is pacing up and down. He is pacing up and down in front of a desk. On the desk are paper and pens. The pens move across the paper. The man is writing.

It is Emil Hoodwink. He is a famous biographer who writes famous biographies. He is writing the biography of Noah.

"I am a famous biographer," he tells the waiter. "I am writing the biography of Noah. I have written 950,000 words, but I have not finished."

"Tear it up," the waiter replies, "and begin over."



Snapshot of Noah just before the hop-off



WILLARD—Wanda's uncle has left her \$5,000 a year in perpetuity.

"Fine! But does she have to go and live there to get it?"

# By John

## The Intimate Life of a

"**M**ADAM," entreated the Big Bear in his big voice, "don't, I beseech you, run away."  
"Horses," replied Goldilocks over a shoulder known not only for its whiteness and its texture, but for a certain devastating dimple.

"Madam," said the Middle-sized Bear in his middle-sized or bearytone voice, "you see, it's like this. We bears are a lonely enough lot. Now, if you wouldn't mind lightening our lives, we'd be happy, Madam, to see a lot more of you around the place."

"Let me get this straight," interrupted Goldilocks. "You boys are certainly the bearies. Are you suggesting that I visit with you for a while, as it were?"

"And no offense, Madam. You are an extremely personable girl, if I may say so, and we are taken with your looks. You can't persuade me that you are either conservative or Victorian, so why not?"

"After all, why not?" said Goldilocks. "Eustace, for a bear you show excellent judgment. Say no more—I'm home for the night. Orange juice, coffee and two pieces of thin toast for breakfast and lay off the porridge. Then she went up to the little bear's room to throw out his personal effects and rearrange it to her own liking.

"A sweet cookie!" said the Big Bear in his big voice. "A hot honey!" said the Middle-sized Bear in his middle-sized voice.

"A gabby wench, I'll bet," said the Little Bear, who had a high tenor voice and was called Sydney, "like all these Erskine palukas."

Possibly the Little Bear was prejudiced. The other two shouted him down.

"Now get this, boys," said Goldilocks, "as long as I'm in the house, you've got to shave at least once a day. . . ."

"I'm fed up with all this shaving," growled the Big Bear in his big bass voice. "I'm going to grow a beard."

"Don't be an Airedale, Heywood. Another thing—you Middle-sized Bear will have to practice your zither somewhere else. It's inexpressibly foul. And you—" to the little Bear, "don't you know by now that that isn't your room any more? It's mine. If you don't stop popping in at odd moments you're going to lose an eye!"

"Look here—" said the three bears.



## Goldilocks gets her Bearings

# Erksome

Illustration by Frank Hanley

### FAMOUS ANIMAL TRAINER

"Mamma knows best," said Goldilocks. "Now do as I tell you. . ."

And they did. Somehow the bears always did what Goldilocks told them to do. It wasn't that they were afraid of her, but all three were beginning to get a hunted look in their eyes. Goldilocks used firmness and kindness mostly. She rarely used a whip on them. And talk! Being a human and a woman to boot, she could easily outtalk them. Once the Big Bear attempted to explain to her that after all she was a guest and presumably a lady and it would be a nice idea if she acted both like a guest and a lady.

"And if you were a gentleman," Goldilocks had replied cryptically, "the least you might do would be to take off that fur coat." As the Big Bear said later, there was no answer to that.

Goldilocks entered gaily. "Well, boys," she said, "it's all fixed!" The bears stifled a simultaneous groan. Something had been bruin for days. It sounded ominous.

"It's all fixed. Eight weeks solid on the Gus Sun

time and the rest of the season looks a cinch."

"What's fixed?" asked the Big Bear, adding hastily, "I won't do it."

"Our animal act. It's a flash. For the first number you come out on roller skates, you ride a bicycle for the second number and for the finale you walk a slack wire balancing a beer bottle on your snoot."

"What do I do?" asked the Middle-sized Bear.

"You carry an American flag. It's a wow. I wear purple plush pants for my costume. As for you—"

Goldilocks turned to the Little Bear.

"I won't! I won't! I won't!" screamed the Little Bear in his tenor voice and he jumped out of the window and made for the woods. The other two bears followed rapidly.

"Well," murmured Goldilocks, "to hell with them. If I have to, I'll do a single, and, anyhow, split weeks with an animal act is not so hot! I'm Erskine you, is it?"

Going to the telephone, she began calling up boy friends. She hadn't been able to do this very well when the house wasn't exactly hers.

"Pets," mused Goldilocks sapiently, as she wriggled the hook, "are all right in a way, but it's time a young girl like me had a little petting!"

# NO MAN'S LAND

By

## Sergeant Shuttleworth

### A Vivid Tale of the World War

**P**ICTURE a bitterly cold night of inky blackness, with the distant rumblings of great French 75's mingling with the roar of a thousand German batteries.

There were five of us; five weary and numb figures crouched on the frozen mud of a shell hole in No Man's Land. Twenty paces away were the German front line trenches, and high overhead a Very light turned the night into day and stamped on my mind an indelible picture of the tense faces of my comrades—faces showing ghastly white, faces dripping with the perspiration of suspense. Blackness again, and I leaned forward, my every nerve tingling with excitement. Above the interminable din a faint click rewarded my straining ears. It came from the man at my left, a young English Tommy scarcely more than a boy and on his first reconnoitering party.

Reaching out I touched him on the shoulder. "Don't shoot," I whispered. "Wait until the next flare." "It's my last chance," he sobbed, "and I'm going to win, going to win. I can feel it in my bones." "Steady, old man," I whispered. "Take it easy"—My words

were cut short by the blinding flash of another flare—"Now," I screamed, "shoot, for God's sake shoot!"

Instantly the plucky young Englishman rose on one knee and again I heard that sharp clicking sound. Spellbound we watched his arm fly back and jerk forward. . . . It was all over; we'd lost, lost everything on the wild gamble of an English kid, for there on the frozen ground at our feet lay the dice. The darn Limey had shot and rolled a seven.

Illustration by  
James Trembath





# *The Fifty-Fifties*

*By Sanford Tousey*



# How I Found the President of the U.S.A.

*An agonizingly personal revelation by the highest-paid political journalist in the universe—*

## Henry Hack

*Illustrated by  
Weed*

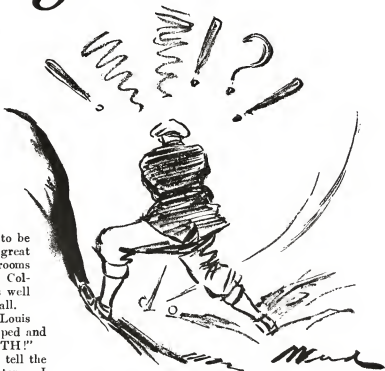
as told in an authorized interview  
to RICHARD J. WALSH

I WAS requested by my old friend, the Editor of this magazine, to "Go forth and find the President of these United States."

I was, to be candid, puzzled. I asked "You don't mean this—this—what's-his-name—Coolidge?" I remembered that I had already written seven articles, at \$2,000 each, about the one occasion on which this Coolidge had the privilege of meeting me.

I was, to be frank, relieved when my Editor said, "No, my dear chap. I mean, find the *next* President—the one who is going to be elected next year, or whenever it is that the great American citizenry gathers in smoky hotel bedrooms and flunks its examinations for the Electoral College." I knew he was joking, for he knew as well as I that the election comes some time in the Fall. I watched his smile fade as he thumped his Louis Quinze desk until the very jade ornaments jumped and paled, and he thundered, "TELL THE TRUTH!"

I knew what those orders meant. I SHALL tell the truth—even though it tear my modesty to tatters. I am the highest-paid and least-criticized political journalist in the, if I may say so, universe. I know that I am



*Governor Smith was out playing golf*

expected never to bore my readers with big bare facts or to strain their brains by making them stop and think, or to shock them with opinions with which they can not automatically agree. I, therefore, never write about the man whom I go to see, but always about my own experiences in getting to see him. I quote what I said to him, but take no chance on quoting what he said to me. I hate this constant publicity, but I have to endure it.

I went straight to Al Smith. I shall have to describe myself, so that you, my dear, dumb readers, can picture me as Al would have seen me if he had seen me. I am five foot one, with a goatee, gray spats, a stick with five knobs on it, and a two-foot bamboo cigarette holder. I have been, to be honest, called Sartorial. I shuddered a bit to think that Smith might be wearing his brown derby.

I was delayed because my chauffeur mistook the Albany road and when I reached the capitol the governor was out playing golf. I was, to be blunt, not sorry, for thus was avoided an interview which at best could have been only embarrassing to us both. I do find it impossible to picture this Smith in the White House. I cannot but feel that



*I turned on my heel with a sneer*

he would always be out when important persons called.

I sped to Washington. I knew that Herbert Hoover would be very glad to meet me, because I had been a food hoarder during the War. I am the man who bought and hoarded two barrels of salt. I knew Hoover would be interested to learn that, as my butler tells me, we still have a barrel and a half left.

I passed smoothly from one to another of Hoover's secretaries, answering their eager

a change of linen. I was, I must admit, thoroughly fatigued. I did not, however, for one moment relax in my devotion to duty.

I had expected to withstand the hardships of an overland journey into the great West, in order to see this Lowden, this Donahay and this Merdith. I had the good fortune, however, to run into a rather shabby man on Pennsylvania Avenue. I discovered him to be what he vulgarly defined as "just an old-fashioned reporter." I could tell, by the very common way he had of asking direct questions, that he was indeed one of those crude "newspaper men" who cke out a meagre existence by gathering and transmitting merely factual material. I told him, in all kindness, as much as he seemed able to understand.

I must, however, "hand it to him," as he would say in the argot of his trade. I was never so surprised in my life as when he said, "Hack, there isn't a doubt that you yourself are the only man fit to be President, and that you will be elected."

I confess, to be utterly sincere, that the idea had never entered my head, but that it struck me as absolutely sound. I, therefore, hastened back to my Editor and outlined the result of my painstaking investigations. I am glad to say that he agreed, wrote me out a check for \$3,000 in advance payment for this article, and here it is.

I accept, with full knowledge of the fact that it means that I shall have to meet all sorts of very ordinary people, the Presidency of the United States.

hoish questions about other presidential candidates. I, to put it plainly, so fascinated them that they quite forgot to usher me into the office of the man whom they dotingly call "the Chief." I finally went away after extracting their promise to tell him all that I had said.

I went over to the Senate to see Tom Walsh. I was, to be outspoken, curious to learn how he keeps his mustache out of his coffee. I have been told by my valet that I should grow just such a mustache myself. I was, however, so nauseated by the odor of oil in this Walsh's office that I was forced to leave without saying a word to him.

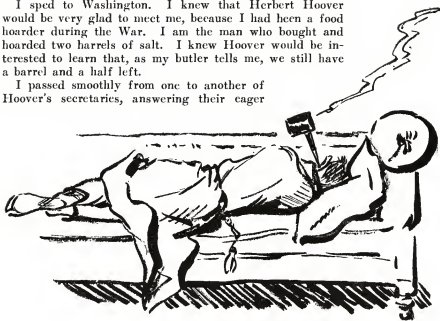
I dropped in on Senator Curtis. I was horrified to recall, just as I went in, that he has Indian blood in his veins. I am, if nothing else—and how much else I am you can find out by reading the Editor's blurb—I am, I say, a 100-percent American. I could hardly afford to have it on my record that I had spoken to a non-Nordic.

I had Senator Reed of Missouri in mind as one who would appreciate my including him in my visits. I entered his door just in time to hear him shout loudly, "Throw the rascals out!" I, to be meticulous, have risen to great heights in my profession by never taking a chance on being thrown out. I turned on my heel and went away, sneering.

I looked in on Vice-President Dawes, but was told that he was taking a nap. I have never, in my years of authorship, disturbed anybody who was taking a nap, not even one of my readers.

I went all the way over to the House to see Speaker Nicholas Longworth. I saw him in the chair, pounding away with a big gavel and so obviously having a lovely time doing it that I did not have the heart to interrupt him. I've been like that ever since infancy when a naughty boy hit me over the head with a hammer when I spoke to him. I am told that this Longworth is a jovial fellow, but, again, why take a chance?

I had now tramped through several hundred yards of corridors. I had gone several hours without a bath and



*Vice-President Dawes was taking a nap*



*"There isn't a doubt that you yourself are the only man fit to be President!"*

# The Skull

A THEATRE  
REVIEW



By

*"Go through the park, driver, and take your time."*

## George Jean Nathan

### I.

**T**HE SKULL," by the MM. McOwen and Humphrey, both strangers to my statistical department, was as shameless a slice of junk as had eased its way into a Broadway theatre since "Kidding Kidders," by the M. Stephen Champlin, also a stranger to the bureau. Both were produced on the same night, but, since the curtain of the latter was hoisted six minutes earlier than that of the former, it took priority in the historical records. If our managers continue to allow such bilge to show on their stages, and in its latter-day profusion, it won't be long before they will have to drug the public to persuade it to enter their houses. With plays getting worse and worse at this time of the year, with the movies so impossible that only half-wits can stand them and with the weather still a little too chilly for rural pleasures, about the only thing left for the diversion of any half-way rational human being these nights is what made Hoboken infamous.

The literary quality of "The Skull" may be appreciated by noting such a line as this, spoken by a character designated as the Professor: "It is only one of many phenomenon." As for the dramatic element, what we engage once again is nothing more than a ten-cent echo of "The Bat"; a revamping of the stale mystery tripe about the detective who turns out to be the internationally famous crook. The old rigmarole of doors that open without any visible human aid save a black wire pulled by a stagehand, of terrorized shrieks when a character bumps against a chair in the dark, of ghosts that have voices like Robert B. Mantell, of secret panels

that the audience can clearly detect, the moment the curtain ascends, from defectively matched canvas and woodwork, of actors who transform themselves into evil Mr. Hydes by suddenly going stoop-shouldered and reading their lines through clenched teeth, and of thunderclaps that duly follow the rules of dramatic meteorology by occurring only when the villain enters—it is all pathetically in evidence. There seems to be an idea among the Broadway illiterati that anyone, however incompetent, can easily write a mystery play. That a good mystery play is just as difficult to write as almost any other kind of play does not impress itself upon them. As a result, our stages annually disgorge a lot of theoretically mysterious garbage that sends an audience out into the night cussing at the top of its lungs and that lands in the storehouse as soon as Dr. Cain can hitch up his meritorious nags.

### II.

**A**NOTHER dose of tripe was recently uncovered in the Longacre Theatre. It bore the title, "The Golden Age" and was concocted by the M. Lester Lonergan, an actor, and the M. Charlton Andrews, who was partly responsible some seasons ago for the great art-work called "Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath," and who once published a book dubbed "The Drama Today," containing such critical delicatessen as "Mr. Augustus Thomas displays . . . a mastery of dramatic technique so far attained by no other American and as yet surpassed in England only by Pinero" and "The most typical exponent of such national drama as America

*(Continued on page 27)*

LAUGH IS LIKE THAT!

# By Rube Goldbrick

**L**AST week an event of wide-reaching significance took place in a poor but comfortable apartment dwelling in the Bronx. Margot, a mysterious lady claiming to be the one time morganatic grandchild of the exiled Count Raymond of Tripoli as well as niece to Phillip Augustus and Clovis, the twin pretenders to Bourbon thrones of France, Spain and several less important but nevertheless not-to-be-overlooked states in the Levant, gave birth to an eight-pound baby girl named Reuben P. Schmaltz. All this happened in the front room of a fourth floor flat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. M. Norval Schnittkind, proprietors of a small radio shop on the ground floor of the same identical building. They, however, are in no way related to Margot, and as a matter of fact had never laid eyes on her prior to that day, when they found her, apparently starving on their doorstep, and asked her in for a snack. They had left her alone in the room momentarily to wait on a customer, and while they were out you know what happened. (See funny illustration.)

At the time that the event



"You can believe it or not," said the Governor of North Carolina, "but I'm waiting for a street car."

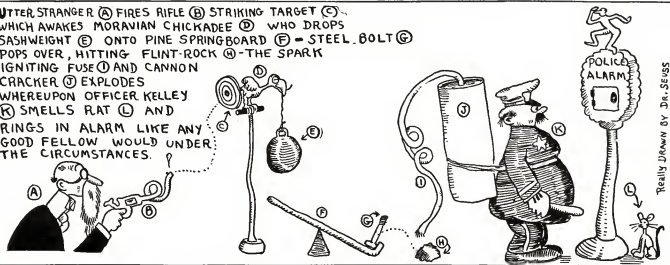
"Boloney!" said the Governor of South Carolina.

took place, Rosa Schnittkind, a first cousin to Mr. and Mrs. Schnittkind, was at the post office where she conducts a stamp-licking bureau for the convenience of ladies in veils. Soon after, she was very much surprised to receive an urgent phone call asking her to hurry up to "Schnittkind Dove-rest," as the flat is sometimes called, and as business was rather dull, veils not having been worn since October, 1921, Rosa closed up shop and rushed home.

The upshot of the hasty conference of Schnittkinds was this:—The Schnittkinds, embarrassed by the event and not quite believing Margot's claim to nobility, decided that something must be done. So a night letter was dispatched, collect, to another cousin, the wealthy Delicatessen King, Jake Schnittkind of Milwaukee. Jake was a man of affairs. He controlled the caraway seed market, and also had a corner on bonillon eubes. And every year his Norwegian chain of amalgamated herring picklers pickled over a billion amalgamated herring to his everlasting glory, with a facsimile of his face printed in

(Continued on page 26)

**UTTER STRANGER (A) FIRES RIFLE (B) STRIKING TARGET (C) WHICH AWAKES MORAVIAN CHICKADEE (D) WHO DROPS SASHWEIGHT (E) ONTO PINE SPRINGBOARD (F) - STEEL BOLT (G) POPS OVER, HITTING FLINT-ROCK (H) - THE SPARK IGNITING FUSE (I) AND CANNON CRACKER (J) EXPLODES WHEREUPON OFFICER KELLEY (K) SMELLS RAT (L) AND RINGS IN ALARM LIKE ANY GOOD FELLOW WOULD UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.**



Really Drawn by Dr. Seuss





"Why did you throw him out, Officer?"  
"He shot a fella in there!"

# The Talking Movies

## By Pare Lorentz

THE various talking devices that have flooded the movie market recently have proved on the whole unsuccessful, and even the ushers are annoyed with the stilted dialogue that takes place in the new ones. There is no doubt that a mechanical device for synchronizing sound and motion has a use, but that use has nothing to do with the old methods of stage dialogue. Overtones of music, as were employed in "Sunrise," are very effective and add to the strength of pantomime. However, these things are obvious.

There is one use for screen dialogue which the producers have overlooked so far—comedy effects. Those delicate lines in "Tenderloin" were intended to be serious, but they were so uproariously funny the producers took them out after the opening night. It seems to me the Vitaphone and the Movietone could be employed advantageously by such men as Lubitsch and Malcolm St. Clair in making gorgeous burlesque. If the original lines had been spoken in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it would have been the most humorous picture of the year. And as corroboration of this theory I offer the testimony that the Movietone specialty number of Robert Benchley's Treasurer's Report certainly seems just as funny as it does from the vaudeville stage.

SOME months ago Paul Leni took up the director's megaphone for Universal, and the rumor that the imaginative German was going to turn out masterpieces by the dozen was unleashed on the Hollywood winds. He did turn out several entertaining bits for the Ameri-

can company, but they fell far short of being masterpieces, and just as it appeared the baneful influence of his environment was going to send him into utter oblivion Mr. Leni up and turns out "The Man Who Laughs," a man-sized roll of film.

I have never seen a better representation of the spirit of a novel in that the picture not only interprets the lusty romantic feeling of Hugo's story, but it is sufficient unto itself and has no awkward turns or incongruous passages which need the novel for excuse.

In this seventeenth century story there is enough material for six ordinary program fillers, just as there is enough vicarious color in one Hugo novel to furnish entrails for a dozen modern novels of week-end house parties and bar-room conversation.

The musicale at Queen Anne's court is one of the best scenes I have ever noted and the large staff assisting Mr. Leni in the direction of this picture appear to have done a particularly accurate job of interpreting the customs and traditions of jolly old England when the wisecracks of the nation's leading lady furnished the lead stories of the day.

The German actor, Conrad Veidt, plays the difficult rôle of the man who has been mutilated somewhat ponderously and while Mary Philbin plays the leading rôle opposite him, a young lady named Olga Baclanova dashes into the picture with enough fire and animation to make the sleepest patron sit up in his well-upholstered movie seat. As a hard-riding, lecherous, seventeenth century duchess she was almost perfect.



*A view of Mt. Para from the Billboard Limited*

# SCENIC GRANDEUR

**M**OUNTAINS . . . forests . . . orange groves . . . lakes . . . fields of clover . . . grazing cows . . . wooden cows advertising Horlick's Malted Milk. Kelly Tires rising out of the mist! Colorful Coca-Cola spread across the open fields! To the North lies Campbell's Soup . . . to the East Weed Cigars . . . among the far-flung hills you glimpse Mothpill's Seasick Remedy . . . to the right the bright flaming colors of Lucky Strikes . . . to the left the heroic splendor of Camels

. . . the scenic wonders of America are yours! Plan your trip now. See your own wondrous scenic America!

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## Beautiful America

"Try and See America First!"



The dumbest freshman we know is the chap who bought sealing wax to patch a hole in the ceiling.—ROBERT BELT,

Oregon Ag. College '28

"For what was Damascus famous?"

"Fine steel rapiers."

"And Toledo?"

"No springs—honest weight."

—ROGER D. WHEDON,  
Harvard '29

Once upon a time there was an extremely beautiful and delectable little washer-woman. She was a rabid fan for the Chipso Soup Flakes Co., and imbibed freely various intoxicating liquors. One day her fiancé caught her in the act of downing some choice Santa Cruz. Was she chagrined? Not at all! Chagrined at him and he grinned at her and then started to sing good-naturedly—"Rum On, My Little Chipso Sweetheart."

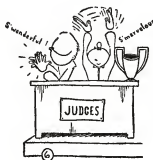
—AL BREED, Trinity '31



①

②

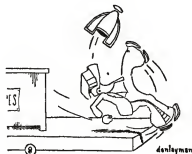
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⑤

⑥



⑦

⑧

The Art of Balance

—DANLAYMAN, Williams '29



"You say he was in a stupor when he smashed into the fence?"

"Hell—no—it was his dad's new Lincoln."

—CHARLES A. KENNY,  
U. of Pittsburgh '30

She was only a laundryman's daughter, but she sure was a washout.

—P. S. ROSENZWEIGS,  
U. of Cincinnati '28

'28—I guess my roomie had a date with Fanny Frigid last night.

'29—What makes you think so?

'28—When he came in he was humming "Just Another Day Wasted Away."

—H. H. HERLIHY,  
Georgetown '28

Small Town Cop—You can't go through here with your cut-out open.

Motorist—But I have no cut-out on this car.

Cop—Then get one put on and keep it closed.

—LOUIS L. HASLEY,  
Notre Dame '30

"Daddy, dear, will you take me to the circus?"

"Now, be good, Willie, and I'll take you to the Senate to hear Senator Heflin."

—ARTHUR SILVERBLATT,  
Harvard '30

## No Complaint

I met Joe Clumble yesterday. I hadn't seen him for more than a year, and so I suggested that we go out to lunch for a pleasant old-time chat.

"Tell me, Joe, how are you these days?" I opened as the waiter filled our glasses.

"Can't complain," said Joe.

"And the wife and kiddies—are they as well as ever?"

"Can't complain," said Joe.

The waiter stood expectantly with pencil and pad.

"Bean soup, rolls and coffee,"

I said, and remarked to Joe, "They make a specialty of bean soup here."

"Chicken soup, beefsteak, fruit salad, vegetable dish, mushrooms, rolls, coffee, fresh strawberries and ice cream," said Joe.

"And I suppose you are still doing well in business?"

"Can't complain," said Joe.

"Nice weather we're having, isn't it?" I remarked later.

"Can't complain," said Joe.

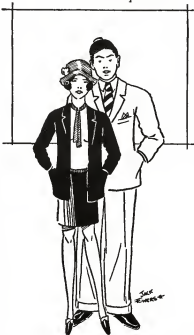
"Old age hasn't begun to bother you yet, has it, Joe?"

"Can't complain," said Joe.

A quick, deft movement with a carving knife brought the manager, two policemen and eleven witnesses to my side.

"He can't complain," I said as they carried Joe out.

—TAYLOR ROBINSON,  
Johns Hopkins '31



"Is your brother going to Brown next year?"

"No, he's unlucky at poker and can't stand bum gin."

—JACK EWERS, Dartmouth '31

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Contestants should give as directly and clearly as possible all essential variations of attack and defense in playing the cards.

Address solutions to Sidney S. Lenz, His Desk, JUDGE, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

## Problem No. 15

The number of the problem must be clearly indicated by the contestant at the top of each solution. Only one side of each sheet of paper used should be written on.

All solutions must be received not later than May 28th. Lenz solution will be published in June 16th issue. Names of winners will be published in June 23rd issue.

♠ 107652

♥ 7 6

♦ Q

♣ —

♠ —  
♥ 85  
♦ 97  
♣ QJ83



♠ 9

♥ Q3

♦ A86

♣ 62

## First Prize

Twelve packs Russell's Aristocrat Playing Cards. The cards with the Bank Note backs. An established favorite of card clubs.

## Second Prize

(1) Set Clark's Auction Bridge Tiles, with racks. Used in place of cards, especially out of doors. Ideal for working at Bridge problems.

Or  
(2) A year's subscription to JUDGE.

## Third Prize

(1) An autographed copy of Lenz on Bridge. Latest volume. Published by Simon & Schuster. Contains all his popular problems from New York theater programs.

Or  
(2) A year's subscription to Auction Bridge Magazine.

Diamonds are Trumps. South has the lead. North and South must win four of the eight tricks against any defense by East and West.

(See next page for Lenz solution to Problem No. 11)



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**Dr Scholl's**  
**Zino-pads**



Put one on—the pain is gone!

For Free Sample, write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

## Laugh Is Like That!

(Continued from page 21)

three colors on the dorsal fin of each.

The night letter reached him just as he was arriving home from a zooming trip in his expensive silver-plated monoplane, and as his relatives in the Bronx had hoped, Cousin Jake rose magnificently to the occasion and solved their perplexing problem. He very ingeniously confided the news to an utter stranger, who in an equally dexterous fashion (see grid-graph) saw to it that it came to the ears of the police. The police, of course, took the mother and babe to the station where they were definitely proved to be spies on the payroll of Moscow, striving by subtle machinations to undermine that very backbone and basis of American solidarity. I refer, of course, to the working man's family.

Thus, by a deft piece of action, was another Red Menace prevented.

"Oh, Jack, I'd just love to be on that ship, bound for London."

"You'd be a mighty unpopular passenger."

"Why, dearest?"

"Because everyone on board wants to get to New Zealand."

—AUSIE

**Policeman**—How did the accident happen?

**Motorist**—My wife fell asleep in the back seat.

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY



**INFURIATED MOTORIST**—What—why the—!!!!—can't I leave my —!!! car here?

**WIFE**—Henry, dear, don't waste your time pleading with him.

—PASSING SHOW

## Lenz Solution to Bridge Problem No. 11

As it appeared in the  
April 21st issue of Judge

Clubs are Trumps. South has the lead. North and South must win six of the seven tricks against any defense by East and West.

♠ 8 5  
♥ —  
♦ —  
♣ Q 8 7 5 4



♠ 7 4  
♥ —  
♦ 9 5 4  
♣ 6 3

♠ 10  
♥ J 10 7  
♦ A J 9  
♣ —

♠ K  
♥ —  
♦ A K J 6  
♣ K 10

**SOUTH** opens a Diamond which North trumps and leads the five of Spades. South wins and plays another Diamond. North trumping and leading the eight of Spades. Whether East discards or trumps, he can take but one trick—the Ace of Trumps. We wonder if the problem would have been simplified by stating which card would win the trick for East and West?

**False Solution:** An original Spade opening followed by a Diamond and ruffed by North will be defeated by correct play. If North leads the Spade, East refuses to Trump but discards the Diamond. On the next play, the Ace of trumps followed by the nine, assures East of making the remaining trump. Should North lead a trump in lieu of the Spade, East hops up with the Ace and plays the Diamond. If South starts with a Diamond, ruffs and leads a trump, East must go up with the Ace and return the Diamond. All of which will be most harassing to the enemy.

## Prize Winners, Problem No. 10

As it appeared in the April 14th issue

**1st Prize:** Miss Marjorie R. Whitney, Philadelphia, Pa.

**2nd Prize:** Mr. W. W. Temple, Hughson, Saskatchewan, Canada. Mr. Wallace A. Kelley, Winthrop, Mass.

**3rd Prize:** Mr. W. V. King, Mound, Louisiana.

(See page 25 for Lenz Problem 15)



## The Skull

(Continued from page 20)

thus far boasts is Mr. David Belasco"—and who picked out as American dramatists of particularly great promise Marion Fairfax, Richard Walton Tully and Edward Locke.

Exactly what "The Golden Age" is about is pretty hard to make out. Proceeding from the ancient dramatic device of dropping into a strange milieu an alien character and exhibiting then the reactions of one to the other, the authors so garble their materials that one can't make head or tail of them. In their chowder of characters one finds an old Indian medicine man, an aviator, a devout New Englander, a war veteran, a cutie who runs around in a Peter Pan costume, a woman who periodically, for no discernible reason, gives an imitation of Ibsen's Lady from the Sea, and a small boy who takes off his shirt, kneels and says his prayers. The language put into the mouths of these curios is a cross between Charles Rann Kennedy and James Gleason. The big dramatic moments show the cutie encountering in a New York tabloid something that makes her suddenly stop short and yell out that she is now a woman, and the war veteran announcing that he can not marry the daughter of his host because a bomb thrown at him by the late Huns has rendered him a biological bachelor for life.

This is the kind of trash that our theatre owners are installing in their houses in the hope of bringing back the deserters to the movies. Although I do not wish to give away any professional secrets, my confidential agents report to me that the theatre owners have fallen into a gigantic movie trap set out by the movie people themselves by way of keeping movie customers out of the dramatic theatre for years to come. The authors of the plays called "Kidding Kidders," "The Skull" and "The Golden Age" are, I am informed, the Messrs. Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, Louis B. Mayer, Joseph Schenck and Carl Laemmle, who, in order to deceive the Messrs. Shubert, *et al.*, have adopted the pseudonyms Champlin, McOwen, Humphrey, Loneragan and Andrews.

# Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!



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**·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·**



Thompson

ENTHUSIASTIC ANGLER—*Er—I beg your pardon, sir.*  
STRANGER (apologetically)—*It's quite all right. I'm sorry to have to spoil the size of your fish!*  
—PASSING SHOW

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FILM MAGNATE (entering studio)—Who's that?

DIRECTOR—Why, that's Napoleon.

FILM MAGNATE—Why did you get such a little man to play such an important part?  
—PASSING SHOW

## Puppets of Passion

(Continued from page 9)

enough—an Old Mould, her favorite brand, which she could distinguish from the others even blindfolded. She removed the bandage and lay blowing thin spirals of smoke at the chandelier. How like a chandelier was her life, she thought; and the familiar lines of the poet came again to her in all their intensity:

"I burn my chandelier at both ends

It will not last the night . . ."

She looked around at the immense room that was her bedroom. It was, she reflected, large enough for the whole Sixty-Ninth regiment. To tell the truth, the Sixty-Ninth regiment was in the room, in undress uniform. Dawn was like that, unconventional.

A knock on the door aroused Dawn from her lethargy. She hastily slipped it off and donned an abstraction. This was Dawn, flitting lightly from lethargy to abstraction and back to precipice again. Or from Beethoven to Bach and Bach to Bach again.

It was her mother, Mrs. Wharton Ginsbergh-Margolies, a slim nervous woman, nervous like a manatee or Firpo. She wore her hair piled high on her head, an odd place one must agree. But then the Ginsberghs were all iconoclasts. They never gave a whoop. When Dawn, at five, had come down with the whooping-cough, not a whoop did she give. Perversely, she broke out with the yellow jack. But she lived.

"Dawn!" It was her mother. "Yes, Uncle Nate," replied Dawn stretching lazily like a great tawny cat. Dawn always called her mother Uncle Nate—ask me why?

"Dawn, how can you lie in bed with those three suitors waiting hours already to propose to you?"

Dawn made a little moue of distaste. It did not satisfy her, so she made another, then still another. She lay there making moues while her mother stood there getting grayer all the time.

"Dawn, stop making moues and get dressed. Remember, time and tide waits for no man."

"What the heck has the — tide got to do with it?" inquired Dawn. "What do I look like, an oyster-dredge?"



Well-known violinist does a little log sawing for his wife.

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY



"I have my suspicions of Mrs. Tabby."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't want to be catty, but I think she's been leading eighteen lives."

—LONDON OPINION

"I will oyster-dredge you, you momzer," said her mother, "Come on, get into your clothes!" And she slammed the door.

II

The eyes of her three suitors followed Dawn as she swept gracefully down the stairs into the early Ludwig Baumann drawing-room. She was a slim little thing, mostly eyes. There was even an eye in the middle of her back, not to mention one on her left leg. The three suitors spoke together.

"Dawn!"

She regarded them disdainfully. Nicky Nussbaum, tall, dashing, soldierly Nicky, leader

of the Pants Gang; Gregory Moskoviz of the Foreign Legation; and Hastings Berman, the great portrait painter, any one of them an ideal catch. They stood there with worshipping eyes, holding their hearts out to Dawn; and she trod airily upon them with her high French heels. It was Nicky who was the first to speak.

"Dawn, come with me. I will give you villas in Firenze, châteaux at Nice, estancias in the Banda Oriental, shooting-boxes in Scotland, and castles in Wales. I will deck you in cloth-of-gold, drape you with rare jewels. I will—." But the courtly diplomat Moskoviz had interrupted him.

"Do you long to mingle amidst the gay throngs at Ascot, to rub shoulders with England's nobility, to be smart, smart, SMART? Do you desire to be amongst those seen at Long-champs, Melton Mowbray, the Lido, St. Moritz, the Danish Duck Shoot? Then come with me on the *Aquazonia*, sailing July 12 for Cherbourg!"

"Stop!" cut in Hastings Berman, impatiently. "Throw aside this stifling artificial existence and as my bride share my care-free Bohemian existence, roistering by night in Montmartre and Chelsea, posing as my model by day; we shall dream away our days in some tiny Breton village, or tiring of that, take lessons in basket-weaving at the Barbizon school."

Dawn, heavy-lidded of eye, yawned. How many thousands

(Continued on page 31)



## Paris Goes to the Races—in June...

Are you going, this year?... Will you be driving out through the Bois in a four-in-hand, for the Prix des Drags, at Auteuil, on June 22d?

... Lunching at Armenonville, or the Pavillon Chinois... sitting near the Jockey Club box?... If you've been, you know that is what "one does"—what the 'haut monde' does... And you'll be at the 'Prix des Haies' in its setting of flowers and at the 'Prix de Diane', at Chantilly.

Whether you've been, or not, you know that to cross Cuvarud is the brilliant prelude to the brilliant days and the jewelled nights of Paris, in June... the Mauretania sails on June 13th, reaches Cherbourg on the 19th bearing with her the members of the world whose social calendar is written in three languages...

... In brief another 'Little Season', between two harbours... for people Paris-bound.

For further information on Auteuil apply to our offices or send for special folder.

# CUNARD LINE



See Your Local Agent

Doctor (taking visitor round asylum)—This room is reserved for motor maniacs.

VISITOR—But the room is empty—are there no patients?

DOCTOR—Yes, they are all under the bed repairing.

—PASSING SHOW



1840-EIGHTY-EIGHT-YEARS-OF-SERVICE-1928



The famous Carreras Tobacco Shop at 55 Wardour St., London, near Piccadilly Circus.

HOW strange to see some men who would never offer any cigar of lesser quality than an imported Havana—bidding friends fill their pipes with indifferent tobaccos! Yet CRAVEN MIXTURE—finest of imported English pipe tobaccos—costs but little more than the ordinary variety.

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in America and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 31, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.



**Craven**  
MIXTURE  
Imported from London

*"I'd Like Him If—"*

Utterly finger nails are often a bar to friendship and social acceptance. Refrained men and women keep nails always clean and neat, with Gem, the pocket manicure that quickly cleans, trims, and files. Nickel plated. Ask your cutlery dealer.

THE H. G. COOK CO., Ansonia, Conn.  
3 Beaver Street

**Gem Clippers**  
Gem 50c  
Jr. 35c

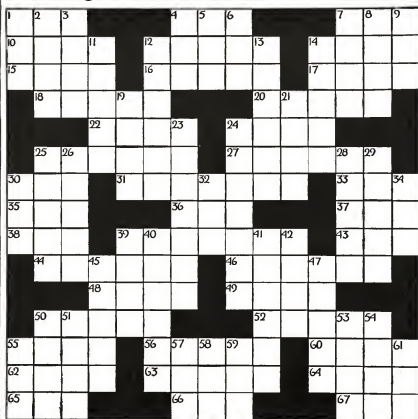


For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

O	P	I	A	T	E	A	B	A	B	O	O	N
R	T	R	I	D	A	G	A	S	E			
A	L	T	R	A	N	S	I	T	E	N	T	E
C	A	D	E	N	D	S	K	I	W	E	D	
L	Y	R	E	T	I	T	L	E	R	E	E	L
E	A	B	E	A	R	E	A	I	D	E		
A	M	B	L	E	A	E	B	O	N			
A	S	A	B	E	L	I	E	V	E	L		
S	T	O	O	L	T	A	L	I	S	T		
A	I	W	W	C	O	B	S	O	D			
D	A	Z	E	A	R	R	O	W	N	A	P	E
O	D	E	D	I	E	G	E	M	Y	E	S	
N	O	S	A	M	A	R	I	T	A	N	P	I
I	B	L	I	T	M	A	E	T	A	R	S	
S	E	S	T	E	T	P	J	E	N	N	E	T

## Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 52



Submitted by Raymond Cronk, Skaneateles Falls, N. Y. Judge pays \$10 for each puzzle printed.

### Horizontal

- This can be found at the end of an Egyptian cigarette.
- A very beastly King, indeed.
- Nickname for the cough that carries them off.
- The cry of a chicken.
- This has four legs and plays in the parlor.
- There's a lot of these in this puzzle.
- Veterans who often fly to urns.
- This eats fish in an expensive coat.
- What angry aviators fly into.
- It's difficult to get over these—on Sundays especially.
- By what you can tell Horizontal 15 a long way off?
- If you pick on this you'll hear from it.
- What the man-in-the-Moon will do after he gets full.
- Insinuation of the Knockers' Club.
- What Cupid loves to do to footloose lurchers.
- A preposition.
- This can be given and kept at the same time.
- A hard pull.
- Latin love.
- Nickname for man unafraid of Horoscopes 4.
- A period found in most Crossword Puzzles.
- An ornament of great value.
- What Tag Day would be in Scotland.
- A very easy thing to lose. (Abbr.)
- Some people get a kick out of this.
- Something tellers do.
- The part of Eskimo would probably do in Timbuktu.
- The part of society which makes up the Underworld.
- The sun never shines where this is.
- It is futile to do this when a traffic cop starts an argument.
- Something that is always burning in.
- A girl has to have patients to become one of these.
- This wears nothing but wool.
- Man-of-War's mother.
- A good thing to have in your bank.
- A big gun in Afghanistan.
- Nickname of a beloved President.
- A point of the compass.
- A follower of the Legion trail. (Abbr.)

### Vertical

- The kid that smokes the grade.
- To sear.
- This fellow can't be beaten in the movies.
- Fried; boiled; potted; stewed;—or what are you?
- Verb meaning "to get outside of."
- This is singular.
- A notable achievement.
- The chorus-girl's support.
- To employ.
- About the only diatonic song that has not been jugged.
- A sign of the times.
- Give these the air—and you get the air.
- You haven't even a chance of success unless you become this.
- Underworld mansion.
- Kitty food.
- What medical word means, "a caustic"?
- A dog chain.
- A sock preferred by base-ball players.
- You can find this around a perfume bottle.
- You'll be this if you're waterhul.
- Soup in Paris.
- Another name for a camel.
- A prefix meaning ill.
- This kind of car is good as far as it goes.
- Synonym for Collidge.
- Contrary to Horizontal 31—you can't keep this and give it away.
- To swing around.
- An imitation or reflection.
- An adverb meaning full.
- This is a sticking proposition.
- What a magician keeps under his hat.
- This works best when well-oiled.
- The premise of the Gleaner in Norse Mythology.
- What the Scotch call something small.
- An ash container.
- What Paddock does to get on.
- Point of the compass.
- What a Lion-Tamer is to another Lion-Tamer (Abbr.)



ONE OF THE COMBATANTS—Ow! 'E's bitin' me!  
 REFEREE—Well, settle it between yourselves. I've disqualified  
 both of yer fer five minutes ago fer 'oldin'. —PASSING SHOW

### Puppets of Passion

(Continued from page 29)

of times had she heard these same proposals. She reached for another cigarette and three lighters flared. A voice, a cool masculine voice, startled them.

"Pardon me, lady, but I thought this was the kitchen."

They turned around, these three lovers, to behold a clean-limbed young man with laughing blue eyes and wind-tossed hair. He bore a huge cake of ice on his shoulder. Dawn was staring at him, a wild thought forming in her mind. In an instant she had crossed the floor like a vivid moonbeam.

"What do you do for a living, buddy?" she asked tensely.

"I am an iceman," he replied simply.

"Are you—are you married?" asked Dawn and there was a catch in her throat.

"No," was the bewildered answer.

"Listen," said Dawn in a low fierce voice, "Will you marry me?"

"Why sure, ma'am, but I'm not very rich—I—"

"That doesn't matter," exclaimed Dawn hurriedly, "I have millions." She turned to her astounded lovers.

"Gentlemen," she said with a satirical bow, "Meet my future husband—er, what did you say your name was?"

"Moe Feinbloom," replied the youth, with a pardonable blush.

"Gentlemen, my future husband, Marvin Furbish," said Dawn, her eyes mocky, and she kissed the young man full on the mouth.

"Oh, Marvin, I'm so happy," she breathed, "I knew you were the man when you walked in through that door! And after we're married, I'll go along with you on the route and help you carry the ice into the kitchens, won't I?"

There was a moment of perplexed silence. Moe scratched his head slowly.

"Sure, lady," he replied doubtfully. "But who'll hold the horse?"

### FUNNYBONES

Marriage is a game of give and take. What you don't give, she takes.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

"The best thing for you to do," said the doctor, "is to give up smoking, drinking anything but water at your meals, late hours—"

"Wait," entreated the patient, "what's the next best thing?"

—ANSWERS

### Do you know how to mix THE MULE'S HIND LEG? "HERE'S HOW!"

Gives you the inside dope on this wonderful drink. Not to mention 54 other knockout recipes and toasts! Send a dollar, with this ad, to Judge, Jr., 627 West 43rd St., New York City, and he will mail you a copy.



### New Model Pocket Ben

The new model Pocket Ben watch has won universal good will.

You'll find it as good looking as it is dependable. Millions of men carry it with pride and confidence.

Sold everywhere for \$1.50.

Built by the makers of  
 Big Ben and other Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK  
 COMPANY  
 La Salle, Illinois



### New Westclox Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above wind-shield.



## Judge's Fifty-Fifty Contest No. 8



SIR EDGAR—*Why would you rather marry an aviator?*

LADY EVELYN—

**JUDGE** will award a prize of \$25 for the cleverest second line in the above conversation. Study the situation, and write the funniest, snappiest line you can think of.

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of **JUDGE** may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted, but each one **MUST** be submitted on a POSTCARD, or a sheet of paper the size of a Postcard, OR IT WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED. No answers will be returned. Contest No. 8 closes May 31, 1928. The winning answer will appear in the June 30th issue of **JUDGE**. No. 9 will appear next week. Send your answers to the Fifty-Fifty Editor of **JUDGE**, 627 West 43rd St., New York City. Mark the number of the Contest on the front of your envelope.

## THE UNEXPECTED GUEST



There have been so many requests for copies of this beautiful drawing by John Conacher that **JUDGE** has had a limited number of Art Prints made for its readers. The print is 18 inches by 9½ inches and the same size as the original which was presented to Colonel Lindbergh. A copy will be shipped to anyone upon receipt of **FIFTY CENTS**.

Address Art Print Dept., Judge Pub. Co., Inc., 627 W. 43rd St., New York City.

## Winner of Fifty-Fifty Contest No. 2

MISS S. GAILLARD  
DAHLONEGA, GEORGIA



DOFF—*Why do you say she takes after her mother?*

HOFF—*She takes her pap down every day.*

## The Statistician on Spring

A dozen (12) birds that chirp about,

A score (20) of joy-chants knowing;

A hundred (100) flowers all blossomed out,

A thousand (1,000) breezes blowing.

A million (1,000,000) stars of light above,

A billion (1,000,000,000) cloudlets near;

A trillion (1,000,000,000,000) bits of whispered love,

And just one (1) Spring is here!—LONDON OPINION

"Steven, dear," whispered the burglar's bride, as he started on his evening's work, "try to be a little more quiet when you come in to-night."

"Certainly, dear," replied the fond husband. "Did I wake you up las' night?"

"No, but you awakened mother, and I don't want her running up to the prison and complaining to father that I married an amateur."

—BIRMINGHAM POST



# Hand-Painted Charades

And See How You Like Them

THE figures on this page were reproduced from an old Egyptian tablet of charades for little folks and grown-ups, and was recently turned over to the Smith & Wesson Institute by a Dr. Wort, who in turn was turned over to the psychopathic ward of the city hospital.

This quaint old relic of a bygone civilization represents a four-syllable word, but so far the best brains in the country (advt.) have failed to reach a solution. A few symbols have been interpreted: the lovely statue representing the D. A. R. is holding aloft a symbolic figure of the Netherlands (probably a representation of the literary merit of Hendrik Van Loon), and indubitably the figure on the extreme right is a penguin at rest on a mushroom. However, there has been no interpretation of this.

The point is, you must buckle on your thinking cap and let us know just what you think the formation of turtles and the butterfly and all that really meant to those



funny old Egyptians. Anyone guessing the four-syllable word will get any money back that might have been sent to defray the operating cost of the charade department of JUDGE. Anyone guessing the right word three times in succession will be given not more than five nor less than three turtles.

JUDGE, 627 West 43rd St., N. Y. City

Messrs:

In regard to the charade, I would say off-hand that the word represented is .....  
Incidentally, you may send me JUDGE for

2 years.....	at \$7.00
21 weeks.....	at 2.00
1 year.....	at 5.00

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LIFE SAVERS

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*At Bridge*  
— there is no more  
delightful refreshmint

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THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE